

Silent and alone, the man sat with shoulders hunched forward over the top of the keys of the piano. He stared down for a long time before lifting his fingers to play. Paper-thin skin covered his hands, delicately wrapping his blue veins and aging bones as he worked the ivory piano keys with the same grace and skill he'd used for many years. As he played, the memories of over 80 years of life spilled from his fingertips and welled in his pale, grey eyes. His fingertips gradually began to play the familiar tune that he had once played before he had been tainted by the memories of the war. As his fingers delicately touched the ivory keys, his feet pushed gently on the pedals and the melancholy music echoed from beneath the shiny black lid of the grand piano.

He found his thoughts drifting back to a time when the prospect of death had been too close for comfort, so close he could almost feel the grip of the reaper himself.